

THE MENTOR

"A Wise and Faithful Guide and Friend"

VOL. I.

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*A Trip Around the World with
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Lecturer and Traveler.*

DICK WHITTINGTON, the young Gloucestershire boy (as we learned in our childhood days), weary of London and seeing nothing but failure in the cruel city where things had gone so hard with him, made up his mind to cut away and leave it all behind; but was stopped at Highgate Hill by the peal of Bow Bells, which rang out a cheery message, "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London!"

This was in 1368, when Whittington was but ten years of age. The year 1397 found him Lord Mayor. There was no Mansion House for him then: the present home of the Lord Mayor was built about 170 years ago. If Whittington, as Lord Mayor, could now stand on the steps of the Mansion House, he would find himself in the very center of that little square mile of the great metropolis now called the City, looking at the Royal Exchange, the great Bank of England, and feeling the throbbing heart of London, and he would find the city he knew had become a small central part of modern London. He would be told that the City had now hardly 20,000 inhabitants, while the greater London, covering 700 square miles about him, had a population of nearly seven and a half millions. From the steps of the Exchange he could see the Lord Mayor's home to advantage,—a handsome structure, finely built. And there is Cheapside and the great church tower designed by Sir



TOWER BRIDGE

This bridge was designed by Sir Horace Jones and Sir John Wolfe-Barry, and built in 1886-94. It is half a mile long, and has cost altogether \$8,000,000.

collection of buildings, and the White Tower was the earliest part; called so because it was once whitewashed. Inside this tower is a great collection of antique armor. Under the staircase were found the bones of the two poor young princes, Edward V. and his brother, Duke of York, sons of Edward IV., who were murdered by their uncle, Richard III., in 1483.

The Tower was the scene of many sad tragedies in English history. The list of notables beheaded there would fill pages. Prominent among them were poor Anne Boleyn, the unfortunate Catharine Howard, and Lady Jane Grey. Originally the Tower was a royal palace and state hall; but it is known in history chiefly as a prison, and was the scene of some of the most terrible episodes in the history of England. Today it is a museum of extraordinary historic interest. It is, too, a treasure house: the crown jewels are kept there, the most gorgeous collection of gems known today, fifteen million dollars in value. The crown of Queen Victoria, made in 1838, is there, a masterpiece containing 2,818

Christopher Wren. There are the Bow Bells. Anyone born within the sound of these bells, they say, is a true cockney.

THE TOWER OF LONDON

Setting out from there, Whittington would, no doubt, today select what most visitors do as the first place to visit,—the famous Tower of London. I never could understand why it is called "The Tower"; but it is historically the most interesting place in all England. The great scattering tower in the center is called "The White." This takes you back at once to the time of William the Conqueror. Appearances of this great building have altered very much since William's day. He began this great

diamonds, 300 pearls, and other gems. There, too, is a facsimile of the famous great diamond, the Koh-i-noor. The original is at Windsor Castle; but the Koh-i-noor which reigned supreme for years now fills a second place beside the Cullinan diamond presented to Edward VII. in 1907 by the government of the Transvaal, which was split and is mounted in two parts in the Regalia.

From the Tower the natural place to go is St. Paul's. So, take a bus, climb the shaking steps,—for the London bus seldom stops,—and soon you will reach the largest church in England. On the way you will pass the Bank of England, an institution national in character, though not in establishment, to which I have referred as facing the Royal Exchange. This great institution was founded in 1694 by a Scotsman, who left a curious legacy clause forbidding any Scotsman to be a director of the bank. It is not, as its name might lead one to suppose, a national bank; but is a private institution, and the first of its kind in Great Britain. It is the only bank in England that has the power to issue paper money. It acts as agent of the English government, and manages the national debt, for which it receives a special annual compensation. The capital was originally £1,200,000; but that has been multiplied to more than



LONDON BRIDGE

Until 1769 this was the only bridge over the Thames in London. It is still the most important. About 22,000 vehicles and 110,000 pedestrians cross London Bridge daily.

twelve times since the beginning. The building is low and long, covering a block of four acres. It has no windows; but is lighted from interior courts—this for security. The institution employs over one thousand people, and has all of its stationery and paper money printed within its walls.

ST. PAUL'S

We have mentioned the name of Sir Christopher Wren, the great architect who in 1710 completed the superb church of St. Paul's, built on an eminence in the very heart of the City at a cost of three and a half million dollars; defrayed, it is said, by a tax on coal. Sir Christopher received, during the building of the structure, a salary of only \$1,000 yearly. St. Paul's resembles St. Peter's in Rome; but, of course, it is smaller. It is 500 feet long, 118 feet broad, and 364 feet to



BANK OF ENGLAND

The Bank was founded in 1694. The central nucleus of the building was designed by George Sampson and opened in 1734; but the present edifice is mainly the work of Sir John Sloane. There are no windows in the external walls.



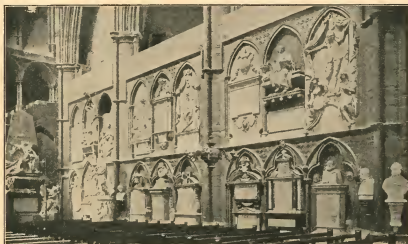
ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

This is London's most prominent building. It is situated in the very heart of the City, the commercial center of the British capital. It was designed by Sir Christopher Wren, and cost about \$3,500,000 to construct.

the top of the cross on the dome. Architects, almost without exception, admit this to be the finest dome in existence. It is 112 feet in diameter, which is 27 feet less than that of St. Peter's.

St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, the two greatest religious edifices in England, were rivals from early time, and out of this came the phrase, "Robbing Peter to pay Paul." Westminster was known as St. Peter's. In 1551 an appropriation was made there to clear up a deficiency in the accounts of St. Paul's. The people exclaimed, "Why rob Peter to pay Paul?" The question was revived on the death of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, in 1778. The people of London wanted to bury the great statesman in St. Paul's. Parliament said that if Pitt was not buried with the great in Westminster it would be "robbing Peter to pay Paul." So the question was decided in favor of Westminster.

The inscription on the great bell of St. Paul's is "Richard Phelps made me, 1716." It is tolled only on the death of a sovereign, or a member of a royal family, and for a Lord Mayor of London who dies during his mayoralty.



POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Here lie buried many of England's greatest poets and prose writers.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE

After viewing the wonderful interior of the cathedral and the many tombs of England's famous men, a walk up the Strand, the most famous street in the world, brings us to Trafalgar Square, from which radiate streets leading to every important part of the metropolis.

One of the most spacious, open, and attractive spots in London is Trafalgar Square. It celebrates the Battle of Trafalgar, gained by the English over France and Spain, in which Nelson defeated Napoleon's purpose to invade England. In the center of the square stands the graceful Nelson monument, glorifying the achievements of the hero of Trafalgar. On the north side is the National Gallery, a dignified building, containing many of the greatest art treasures of the world. It is at the Nelson Monument that great labor and political meetings are held, the open space about it affording standing room for many thousands.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

The National Gallery leads, naturally, to mention of the British Museum, that most famous institution of its kind in the world. It grew out of the library and collection of Sir Hans Sloane, who disposed of it to the government for \$100,000, a sum estimated as far below its value.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY NAVE

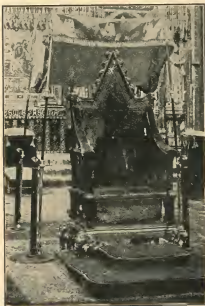
Some of the greatest figures in English history have their last resting place here.

This great museum is the natural objective point of all visitors to London. It is a low building, 370 feet in length, with 44 Ionic columns. A lifetime of study could be spent there without exhausting an appreciable part of its riches. It is impossible to do more than touch on the value of this collection. Even the most indifferent visitor will, however, note and remember the Grecian marbles taken from the Parthenon at Athens and placed in the museum by Lord Elgin.

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

But from Trafalgar Square the deep, solemn tones of Big Ben guide us down Whitehall past the proud Horse Guards to the true seat of the British Government.

From the Thames Embankment the best view may be had of the notable buildings of Parliament.



THE OLD OAK CORONATION CHAIR

To be seen in Westminster Abbey. It was made for Edward I., and every English monarch since his time has been crowned in it.

There, rising 318 feet high, is the tower with its great clock, 23 feet in diameter, and its bell, Big Ben, one of the largest in the world and weighing 13 tons. They say it takes five hours to wind up the clock. Below its sober face, in the great stretch of buildings, the British government is conducted. The Parliament buildings look their part. They are as beautiful and impressive outside as they are luxurious inside. The houses were erected in 1840 from plans selected out of 97 sent in competition. The style is rich Gothic, the buildings not high, but covering eight acres. The buildings cost fifteen million dollars. They contain 11 courts, 100 stairways, and 1,100 apartments. These are simple statements of fact,—striking, it is true, but conveying, after all, no impression of the great beauty and what we might call the “human interest quality” of the Parliament buildings.

One must go through the buildings again and again, must be



PICCADILLY CIRCUS

This is one of London's busy centers of traffic. The triangle in the center of the Circus is occupied by a Memorial Fountain to Lord Shaftesbury, adorned with eight plaques of scenes from the philanthropist's life.

present at some of the meetings of Parliament, and then mingle with the people at the tea hour on the terrace, to get a real impression of the meaning of the place. The buildings have settled, so that their base is lower than the level of the Thames. That gives an impression of solidity, of solid grip on the ground, to anyone viewing the buildings from the embankment on the other side of the Thames.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

And there, across the square, stands the real center of interest to every visitor to London, England's Hall of Fame.

A writer of fertile imagination and eloquent phrase tried to find a name that would express just what Westminster Abbey meant and stood for. A friend said to him, "Rest your mind; call it simply 'Westminster Abbey,' and all the world will know what that name means." In 616 a church was erected on the site of low ground on the north bank of the Thames. It was built by King Sebert in honor of Saint Peter. From time to time it was replaced, and now Westminster is a beautiful monument, wonderful in architecture, graceful but strong. In all its lovely lines beauty has, by the cunning of the chisel, been carved out of strength.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME

Westminster is called by the English the national temple of fame,—“Valhalla” some name it,—and burial there is reckoned to be the last and greatest honor that the nation can confer. Many volumes would be required to give even brief description of the interesting features of this wondrous abbey. A simple list of the distinguished dead buried there, and the memorial monuments and windows, makes a voluminous catalogue. Aside from its unique interest as a memorial, Westminster has architectural features of great beauty. The total length, including the chapel of Henry VII., is 513 feet. The height is 102 feet, and the towers 225 feet.

In Westminster Abbey is the chair made of oak for Edward I., containing the “Stone of Scone” (the emblem of Scottish power) said to have once been used by the patriarch Jacob as a pillow. It is made of sandstone, and may have come from the Island of Iona as a relic of Saint Columba. Edward I. brought it to London in 1297 as a token of the subjection of Scotland, and every monarch since his time has been crowned in this chair.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

“Everyone wants to see the king's home. Out at the west end of beautiful St. James's Park stands Buckingham Palace, a fine, substantial structure, simple in lines, but dignified and impressive. The palace gets its name from John Sheffield, the Duke of Buckinghamshire, who in 1705 built a home for himself and called it “Buckingham House.” It was purchased in 1761 by George III., who occasionally occupied it. Then it was remodeled by George IV. in 1825. It became the real London residence of royalty when Queen Victoria occupied it in 1837.



NATIONAL MEMORIAL TO QUEEN VICTORIA
Designed by Sir Aston Webb. It stands immediately in front of Buckingham Palace.

I have touched on only a few of the notable things to be seen in London. It is best for anyone who cares to study that marvelous city, rightly called "The World's Metropolis," to approach it with only one particular line of research in mind. Should he choose to follow the course of history and study the careers of monarchs and royal persons, the Tower and other notable public buildings will tell him their stories. If he seeks to know something of the life of the people, he will find it in spots like Piccadilly Circus, Charing Cross, the Strand, Cheapside, London Bridge, and the Thames Embankment, with occasional excursions through the suburbs. If he would like to know the literary landmarks of London, he has a rich field before him on which many books have been written, telling of the old Curiosity Shop and the other spots immortalized by Dickens, the Cheshire Cheese, the interesting old tavern haunted by memories of Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson, and other buildings and localities identified with some of the most famous writers of the world.

If he would study the lives of the great and summon their spirits before him in one mighty immortal choir, let him go to Westminster Abbey and linger there awhile in the Hall of Fame.

BOW CHURCH AND BOW BELLS

Bow Church, or, to give its true name, St. Mary-le-Bow, is the glory of Cheapside. The second part of its name comes from the arches or bows on which the first church was built, still in perfect preservation in the crypt.

The crypt, which is of perpetual interest to antiquaries, offers the opportunity of shedding ten centuries in as many moments. One has but to leave the bustle of Cheapside, with its motor horns and modernity, and descend a few steps, and one is not only in perfect stillness but surrounded by massive masonry of immense age, eked out here and there by Roman tiles.

Bow Church itself is just a spacious square room. Its special attractions are the crypt; the famous bell whose firm attitude of ignorance is so familiar to all children who have ever played that most thrilling of games "Oranges and Lemons" ("I do not know," says the great bell of Bow"); and the gold dragon on the top of the spire which to any one in Cheapside caring to look up tells where the wind is. This dragon is two hundred and twenty-one feet six inches above the pavement. Furthermore, it is eight feet ten inches long, and the crosses under its wings represent the crest of the city. The great bell of Bow weighs fifty-three hundred-weights and twenty-two pounds. It is not the bell that Dick Whittington heard,—some say on Highgate Hill and others in Bunhill Fields,—but a successor. The Great Fire destroyed the ancient peal, but a new one of twelve now rings out merrily enough on practice nights. People born within the sound of Bow Bells are termed "Cockneys,"—a term said to arise from a misshapen egg called by some country-folk a "cock's egg," and applied by them to townsfolk as being poorly developed and misshapen. Another story is that a London boy hearing, on a visit to the country, a horse's neigh, asked what the noise was, and was told; he then heard a cock crowing and said: "That's a cock's neigh, then." Thus the term was applied to one who knew little of country life. Philology must do better than that. My dictionary derives it from the Latin word *coquina*, a butcher, or *coquino*, to cook, and gives as second definition "an ignorant and despicable citizen."

—From "*More Wanderings in London*," by E. V. Lucas.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

THE STORY OF LONDON	- - - - -	H. B. Wheatley
WALKS IN LONDON	- - - - -	A. C. Hare
LITERARY LANDMARKS OF LONDON	- - - - -	Laurence Hutton
THE SURVEY OF LONDON	- - - - -	Sir Walter Besant
EARLY LONDON: PREHISTORIC, ROMAN, SAXON AND NORMAN		
MEDIEVAL LONDON—Vol. I, Historical and Social; Vol. II, Ecclesiastical		
LONDON IN THE TIME OF THE TUDORS		
LONDON IN THE TIME OF THE STUARTS		
LONDON IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY		

THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION

381 Fourth Avenue, New York City



THE TOWER OF LONDON

FEW places in the world have served as the final stage setting for so many tragedies as the Tower of London, the grim fortress on the Thames, part of which dates from the time of William the Conqueror, and which has served as a royal residence as well as a royal prison. Many are the stories that cling about the dark old pile of stone.

That sweet-tempered monster, Henry VIII, who then lived at the Tower, had been on the throne of England a number of years when he began to tire of his queen, Catharine of Aragon, aunt of Emperor Charles of Germany, and cast about for a means of getting rid of her. His impatience was heightened by the appearance, as maid of honor to the queen, of a beautiful young girl of good family named Anne Boleyn, with whom Henry promptly fell head over heels in love. King Henry found her as good and gifted as she was beautiful, and he urged upon Pope Clement the fact that Catharine had been his brother's widow as a ground for annulling the former marriage.

That dignity was in much trouble and in the power of Emperor Charles, whom he was anxious not to offend. The result was a series of conferences and delays which lasted over several years.

Exasperated by continued delay, Henry finally decided to take upon himself the whole responsibility, had his former marriage declared null, and married Anne Boleyn and brought her to live at his palace in the Tower. There followed the quarrel with the pope and the breaking of the ties between England and the Church of Rome.

There came a day when Henry, who had been desperately in love with Anne before his marriage, became tired of her, notwithstanding her accomplishments, her grace, and her beauty. His eyes were cast now on Jane Seymour, a lady in waiting. Anne's enemies fanned the king's estranged feelings with slanderous gossip. At Greenwich, during the progress of a tilting match, Anne accidentally dropped her handkerchief. The King, eager for any pretext,

seized upon this as evidence of a flirtation and had her cast into prison in the Tower. Thence she wrote pathetic appeals to the king, pleading her innocence. Her trial was a farce. She was condemned to die and was beheaded on the block that stood within the Tower inclosure, the scene of her recent splendor. Henry watched from a hill at Richmond for the smoke of the gun that announced the execution.

The Tower lies on the east of the city, outside the old walls. With a deep moat, now drained, and two thick walls of masonry, with towers at frequent intervals, it is still kept up as a garrison and fortress. Every one of its many towers and dungeons has its stories of tragedy and crime, its memories of horrible injustice and blind fanaticism. Here the Duke of Clarence was drowned in a hutt of malmsey through the jealousy of his brother, King Edward IV. Here the two young princes, sons of Edward IV, were murdered by order of their uncle, Richard III; here King Henry VI was slain by the Duke of Gloucester in 1471. Here were confined and executed many of the foremost men and women in England. Elizabeth, daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, afterward the great Queen Elizabeth, was imprisoned here by her stepsister, Queen Mary.

One of the towers now contains the crown jewels of England; among which are some of the most celebrated gems in the world. Nowadays the Tower is a gloomy, desolate, and depressing pile, with memories of much that is unfair in English history. Around the spot where the fair Anne Boleyn was executed a pair of ravens now hop and croak like spirits of evil that have come back to haunt the scene of so much suffering and inhumanity.



TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON

IT might be said that Trafalgar Square is the result of a "vision." It would be more correct to say that the career of Admiral Nelson was tremendously influenced by a sudden determination of will which throughout his life made him face danger without flinching, and led to the great victory that has given its name

to this famous open spot of London. Horatio Nelson was born at Burnham Thorpe, Norfolk, September 29, 1758, the son of the rector of that place. He received smatterings of education at Norwich, Downham, and North Walsham, and in 1770, when only twelve years old, was entered on the *Raisonable*, of which his mother's uncle was commander. Voyages to the West Indies and to the arctic regions gave him some experience of the sea, and when fourteen years old he went to the *East Indies* in the *Seahorse*. At the end of two years he was invalided home in a state of exhaustion. In his own words, this is what happened:

"After a long and gloomy reverie in which I almost wished myself overboard, a sudden glow of patriotism was kindled within me and presented my king and my country as my patron. My mind exulted in the idea.

"Well, then," I exclaimed, "I will be a hero, and, confiding in Providence, I will brave every danger!"

He afterward spoke of this inspiration as his "radiant orb," and it affected his whole life. He became a lieutenant in 1777. In 1783 he led an attack on *Turks Island*, which was repulsed. In 1794 he lost his right eye at *Calvi* and three years later at *Teneriffe* his right arm was so wounded that it had to be amputated. This year he was one of the heroes of the battle of *St. Vincent* when the Spanish fleet was vanquished. The following year he was sent to discover the purposes of a great French fleet forming at *Toulon*, and after a long chase found that they had

gone to *Egypt*. The battle of the Nile destroyed the French fleet, and Nelson was looked upon as one of the greatest of naval heroes. It was in 1805 that the battle of *Trafalgar* was fought, between the combined fleets of France and Spain and that of England under Nelson. At its commencement Nelson flew the signal, "England expects every man will do his duty." The allies were crushed, and the last fear of Napoleon's ever invading England was banished. Nelson was mortally wounded, and died in a few hours with the words, "I have done my duty, thank God for that."

In 1843 in Nelson's memory the great pillar, 145 feet high, was finished, with a colossal statue of the Admiral upon it, and later Sir Edwin Landseer's lions were added to the base. This is the central monument in Trafalgar Square. On all sides sweeps the tide of London's traffic. Pall Mall and the Mall open into the square on one side, the Strand on the other; at the south end is Charing Cross, the official center and one of the busiest spots in the metropolis, and on the opposite side of this opens Whitehall, with the Horse Guards, the Admiralty, Downing Street, and the War Office, and the former palace where Charles I was executed. The National Gallery, with its priceless collection of paintings of older British and foreign masters, faces the north end of the square. Fountains which are constantly playing in the square are emblematic of the never-dying loyalty of every Englishman to the memory of Nelson and this "center of the empire" which bears the name of his last victory.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY, LONDON



HERE is an old legend about the founding of Westminster Abbey that places it as early as the beginning of the seventh century. When the inhabitants of Kent had been converted by Saint Augustine, an influential and noble-born Roman, Mellitus, was consecrated first bishop of London, and he persuaded the king of the East

Saxons to build a church to Saint Peter at Thorneye, the spot where the abbey now stands. This church was to be consecrated on a Sunday early in 616.

One Saturday night a fisherman ferried a stranger, who proved to be Saint Peter himself. He told the fisherman to inform Mellitus that the consecration was complete, and rewarded his pilot with a miraculous draft of salmon, which were to be his lot and that of his posterity ever afterward. In return he was to refrain from Sunday fishing and give a tithe of what he caught to the church. The tradition is interesting because it gives Westminster an equal age with St. Paul's; and because for many years the monks claimed a portion of all fish caught in the Thames.

However this may be, the first authentic church at Westminster, so called from its being west of the city, was built by Edward the Confessor and consecrated in 1065. A few days later Edward died and was buried in the nave of his church. Afterward sainted by the pope, beloved by the commons, a favorite with the monks, Edward the Confessor's reign was looked back upon as a golden age. Henry III pulled down most of this church and built it anew. He chose his own burial place

there, and it came to be looked upon as a privilege to be buried near the Confessor. Edward I and his queen were buried there, as were long lines of kings and queens and members of the royal families. Chaucer was given burial there, and Spenser, and Ben Jonson, and great men innumerable.

Edward I, on his invasion of Scotland, seized at Scone the sacred stone upon which Jacob pillowed his head. This he brought to Westminster, a chair was built about it, and every monarch of England from that reign to this has sat in it at his coronation.

The Abbey begun by Henry III was carried on by Edward I, Richard II, Henry V, and was completed by Henry VII. The western towers, however, were not finished until 1740, so that the building of this beautiful edifice occupied five centuries. One of the finest examples of early English and Gothic architecture, its interior is a hallowed spot. On every hand are the monuments of potentates and princes, statesmen, soldiers, the great men of English letters. It is the Valhalla, the sacred burial place, of the nation, the spot where Fame puts a last touch upon the brow of him whose achievements have lent more luster to the honor of the nation.



ST. PAUL'S, LONDON



WHEN St. Paul's Cathedral was being rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren in the seventeenth century, a stone was needed for one of the porticos, and one of the workmen brought from the ruins of the former church a piece that was put in place. Afterward it was seen to bear the inscription "Resurgam" (I shall rise again). This

old Latin word, carved upon some ancient grave, embodies a remarkable fact about St. Paul's; for upon this site there have been no less than five churches, each of the first four being destroyed and a new one rising from its ruins. It is certain that there was a church here in the time of the Romans, which was destroyed by the pagan Saxons and rebuilt by Ethelbert, King of Kent, in 610. This was burned in 961, and rebuilt within the year. This, too, was destroyed in 1087 and a new one begun, which was completed in 200 years. In 1561 the spire of this church was destroyed by fire, and the building fell into dilapidation, much of the material being used to put into other buildings. The remains were destroyed by the great fire of 1666, and it was eleven years later that Wren undertook the construction of the present edifice, which was completed in thirty-five years. The funds were raised by a tax on coal.

St. Paul's, which is the most conspicuous building in London, is the fifth cathedral in size in Christendom and resembles St. Peter's at Rome, although it is smaller. In the form of a Roman cross, it is 500 feet long, 118 feet broad, and is surmounted by a great dome which is 364 feet to the top of the cross. Two campanile towers rise from the front, one containing a fine set of chimes, the other supporting the largest bell in England, "Great Paul," which weighs 16 tons.

Best seen from the Thames or from the opposite bank of the river, the majesty and generous dimensions of the cathedral and its dome are apparent. Near at hand, it is so hemmed in by business streets and blocks that it cannot be viewed to advantage.

While in a less degree than Westminster, St. Paul's is still the resting place of many of England's most noted dead. Most of her great soldiers and sailors, artists, archi-

ects, and musicians, lie here. Chief of these are Lord Nelson, whose bier stands in the crypt exactly beneath the center of the dome, and the Duke of Wellington, the former of whom crushed the forces of Napoleon on the sea, the latter on the land. In the crypt is the enormous funeral car that bore the "Iron Duke" to the grave in 1852. It was cast from cannon that he captured from the enemy.

Among the other noted dead that lie here are General Gordon, the martyr of Khartum; Lord Cornwallis; the artists Sir Joshua Reynolds, Benjamin West, Lawrence, Turner, Sir John Millais, and Landseer; Wren, who built the cathedral; and Sir Arthur Sullivan, the composer.

At the base of the dome is a gallery where a curious thing has occurred. The dome is so constructed that the slightest whisper at one side of the gallery may be distinctly heard at the opposite side, 108 feet away.

It was on the pavement in front of St. Paul's that Queen Victoria knelt in 1897 to give thanks on the occasion of the sixtieth anniversary of her accession to the throne.

Just to the right and left the torrent of commerce sweeps past. There is the thunder and roar of the busiest part of the busiest city in the world. Just a few steps, within the cathedral, and all this is forgotten. The thunder is gone, or is but a faint and distant murmur. Instead there is the peace and quiet of this holy place, the rush broken only by the distant sounds of the service far down the interior. Then, for a moment, there is silence, and suddenly the splendid organ peals forth its mighty notes, which search out every corner of the vast cathedral and seem to add their voices as witnesses to the glory of departed heroes.



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT. LONDON



HERE is my cousin, the Prince of Wales?"

This was the despairing cry of King John of France, whose 60,000 men had been put to rout by the 8,000 soldiers of Edward the Black Prince at the battle of Poitiers in 1356, one of the most amazing battles in the world's history. Himself hard pressed, King John surrendered and

was taken prisoner to the conquering Prince's tent, where he was received as a subject would receive a sovereign. The Prince maintained that his victory was but the outcome of chance or due to an overpowering providence that no human valor could overcome. Preparing for him an elaborate meal, the Prince stood behind his chair, waited on him, and refused to eat as being unworthy to sit at the same table with so illustrious a monarch. Arriving in England with his prisoner, the Black Prince, in quiet dress and on a small horse, contrasted strangely with King John, who was clothed in royal purple upon a great white war-horse. The whole population of London assembled to greet both conqueror and conquered, and King Edward III came out to receive King John as if he had been a visiting monarch instead of a vanquished rival and prisoner of war.

The climax of this chivalry was the lavish entertainment of the French monarch at the English court. A splendid banquet was given in Westminster Hall at which he was the guest of honor, which was one of the most notable feasts ever held in that historic edifice.

Westminster Hall, originally part of the old royal palace of Westminster, was begun in 1097 by Rufus, son of William the Conqueror. It was formerly the seat of Parliament, and has witnessed many stirring, historic events. In it Parliament declared the throne of Edward II forfeited; another deposed Richard II; here Charles I was tried and condemned; and a few years later Cromwell was saluted as the Lord Protector. Today Westminster Hall

is the vestibule of the Houses of Parliament, where the law-making body of England holds its sessions. The main part of this vast pile has been erected since 1840, and it is one of the finest examples of Tudor architecture in existence. Extending for 940 feet along the bank of the Thames, the Houses of Parliament cover eight acres, and contain 11 courts, 100 stairways, and 1,100 apartments. Within and without they are adorned with more than 500 statues of sovereigns of England, members of royal and noble families, and men who have been eminent in public life. Three large towers rise above the main building, the tallest, Victoria Tower, rising to a height of 340 feet. It is through this that the King enters on the opening and prorogation of Parliament. In the clock tower is Big Ben, weighing 13 tons, one of the largest bells in England, whose tones can be heard over most of London.

The interior decorations and furnishing of the Houses of Parliament are rich to the point of magnificence. The House of Lords, where the peers of England meet, contains at one end the splendid throne of the king, with the throne of the Prince of Wales at its right, and that of the king's consort at the left. The House of Commons is in a direct line with the House of Lords, and has the speaker's chair at the end opposite to that occupied by the throne in the latter hall.

On the river side is a broad terrace of stone, on which the members walk or sit and drink their tea. By day a flag on Victoria Tower, and a light by night in the clock tower, indicate that Parliament is in session.



BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON

EARLY on a June morning seventy-six years ago there went furiously through a road leading to the western part of London four horses drawing a landau that bore the insignia of royalty. Within were two men. Drawing up before the palace of Kensington, the men ran in haste to the entrance and pulled the bell. They knocked and

rang for several minutes before the door was opened by a sleepy maid.

"We wish to see the princess," said one.

After several minutes the maid returned and replied that the princess "is enjoying a sweet sleep and cannot be disturbed," as it was but 5 o'clock in the morning. The men answered that they were on State business and that everything must give way to it, even sleep.

Presently a fair young girl with a startled look in her eyes appeared, wrapped in her dressing gown, her golden hair falling over both shoulders. When she saw the men and the serious look upon their faces, and even before they saluted her, she knew that her uncle was dead and that she was queen of England.

Thus began the long and glorious reign of Queen Victoria, and then began also the renown of Buckingham Palace, to which the young Queen removed, as the London home of the reigning sovereign. For up to that time Buckingham Palace had served but as a temporary stopping place for the King. It was built by the Duke of Buckingham in 1703 and purchased by King George III in 1761 and occasionally occupied by him; George IV had it remodeled by Nash in 1825; but it remained empty until 1837, when the young Queen came there to live. It is a large quadrangle, beautifully located at

the west end of St. James's Park. The front is 360 feet long, and the ground floor contains several splendid rooms. These include the green drawing room, 50 x 33 feet; the sculpture gallery; the throne room, 66 feet long, with a frieze about it illustrating the Wars of the Roses; the library, the State ball room, 60 x 100 feet; and the picture gallery, 180 feet long, with a very fine selection of paintings by old masters. At the back of the palace are spacious grounds, strongly guarded, and surrounded by a high fence. When the monarch is in London the guard is changed in front of the palace each morning, and one of the famous regimental bands plays there for a quarter of an hour. To the north of the palace and garden, and separating it from Green Park, is Constitution Hill, a drive in which the life of Queen Victoria was several times threatened by fanatics. Recently it has been decided to reconstruct the entire form of the building, the present one being considered ugly and unattractive by the British public.

In the open space in front of the palace, conspicuous even from the far end of the Mall, is the magnificent memorial to Queen Victoria, who from that June morning in 1837, when as a young girl she took the crown, through all her many years of sovereignty held and increased the love and loyalty of the empire.

